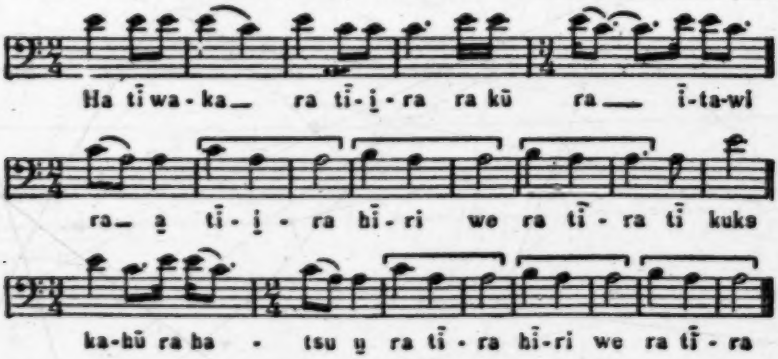
3: Densmore E-5 (1919-1920) 1929
NQ18 Pawnee NQ18

*533 *Analysis.*—This song has a compass of only five tones and contains the tones of the minor triad and fourth. In structure it is melodic. The form of the melody is peculiar, the first seven measures containing the descent from E to A and the next two measures being framed on the descent from D to A. This structure is repeated and the song closes with three measures on the descent from C to A. Only four intervals larger than a minor third occur in the song. The gradual decrease in the tempo of the drum is similar to that in the song next preceding.

887 481 787 *533 [424] The singer said that when he was a young man living in Nebraska he saw a very old man who used a cane. Even with this aid he could scarcely walk. This old man had a dream in which he ascended a high hill and sat down. The clouds were below him and he saw rain falling from the clouds; he also saw about 40 white horses and drove them; the white horses were probably the shapes assumed by the clouds in his dream. The following song belonged to this old man but was not related to the foregoing dream. It was sung in the Bear dance.

No. 15. "I Was Lost in the Timber"
(Catalogue No. 1121)
Recorded by WICITA BLAIN

*533 Voice ♩ = 138
Drum ♩ = 144, changing to ♩ = 138
Drum-rhythm similar to No. 2



Ha	tī	waka	ra	tira	ra	kū	ra
Listen	he	said	do	I come	do	did	have
Itawi	hiri	we	ra	tira	tī	kuks	
mentioning	place	now	do	I come	I	was	
kahū	ra	hatsu					
timber	have	lost					

FREE TRANSLATION

Listen, he said, I come,
He told this to me,
I came to a place where I was lost in the timber,
I came to the place,
Now I come.

14: Weltfish E-4, 5 (1928-1936, 1954) 1965
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vidual embraced responsibility; he had no inclination to shirk it. In a sense, the rhythm of Pawnee work life was like a ballet, whereas ours is like a prison lockstep: "You must, you must, you must get to work!"

The day's routine in our Pawnee household began when either Victory Call or Old Bull happened to awaken; this depended on which one decided to get out of bed first. Or else White Woman or Queen Woman might be the first to awaken, and then she would remind her husband that it was morning. From the time one or the other of the two men got out of bed, the day's program was set; the others simply followed the initial cue. When the man had gotten out of his bed he went outside and inspected the horizon and the stars, came in and kindled the fire, and said, "Fire's made." His senior wife then got up and started the breakfast. As observed by one of the contemporary missionaries in 1837, the rest followed with precision. The minor cycles of household operation were also conducted in a similar mode. Someone felt impelled to take care of a needed task and mentioned it and volunteers were forthcoming without further ado. Pressure and compulsion are implicit in our attitude toward work; voluntarism was the Pawnee way.

The functions of the women in the earth lodge were subdivided roughly according to age. The north and south quarters of the circumference of the house were each subdivided into three "stations." The central one of these (due north and due south) was the core position and it was occupied by the mature women of the lodge. They furnished the main provisions and directed the necessary work. At the inner or western station on each side was the place of the immature girls and newly married young women. The outer or eastern station on each side was for the old women, symbolically on the way out and physically nearest to the exit (or entryway) of the lodge. Most commonly each of these stations was occupied by several women who carried out its special functions jointly.

The details of the function of the central station have been mentioned above in connection with general household operations. The other two stations supplemented it in very different ways. At the east stations for the old women, the children past the age of infancy were cared for, the old women being referred to by the children as "grandmothers," regardless of the actual biological kinship. The children slept in the beds with their "grandmothers" and shared a bowl of food with them at meals. Grandma saw that they were warm and well fed and tried to help them in every way. She was a permissive, familiar, kind person to whom the child could always appeal. Between grandma and grandchild there was neither formality nor constraint. Jokes were made about a boy saying, "Look how close he sticks to his grandma; he wants to marry her!" or "There he goes always running to his grandma." Besides child care, the grandmother would give a good deal of assistance to "the senior women of the

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887 house." She supplemented their supplies of vegetables from her own gar-
592 den from time to time, saying, "Daughter, cook this for our supper." She would also have a small private stock of dried meat that she had gotten by helping with its preparation during the hunt season, and she would also offer this at various times when it seemed a good idea. Again there was no regular schedule for this, nor any amount that was standard. Grandma already rendered considerable services to the house and was considered entitled to her "keep." She also gave substantive help with skin working, sewing, getting firewood, special manufacturing, and so on.

462 The young women and girls at the west stations did minor household
592 tasks, but had a far more significant contribution to make to its ongoing. They were there to please and care for a capable man who would protect
883 the people in the lodge, provide them with fresh meat by his almost daily hunting expeditions for deer, elk, or antelope, participate in the tribal buffalo hunts in the summer and winter each year so that they would all have dried buffalo meat, and carry on the official interrelationships with the community outside the household, including those with the village officials.

582 An influential and capable man might be given one of these girls in marriage with the understanding that her younger sisters would also be given to him when they came of age. If he were adjudged too old, the family was unlikely to agree to these further marriages. In the case of Old Bull, the family of his junior wife, Clear Day, was unwilling to give him her younger sister on this account. Fifteen years was considered a suitable age for marriage in a girl, and eighteen for a boy. However, the probability is remote that the couple would be of these ages respectively. First marriages for both a boy and a girl were almost always of a "May–September" type. A boy of eighteen was considered altogether incapable of playing a suitable married role in a household. A man contracted a mar-
583 riage in terms of services he could render to the family of the girl that he
591 married. Normally he was expected to come to live in her household and "take care of them," i.e., render them major services.

601 The son-in-law, i.e., the man married into a household, was known as
606 *kustawixtsu*," the one that is sitting among [us]." The man on his part referred to his in-laws as *tatutkaku*, "I sit inside for you," that is, "I am in the house for your benefit." The reward he receives is his wife whom he calls *tatiraktaku*, "I own her," and she in turn refers to her husband as *tikuktaku*, "he owns me." These terms are not normally used under informal circumstances, the couple addressing each other by the common term for spouse, *raku*, or if they are on particularly pleasant terms, the man calls his wife *tsustit*, "old lady," and she refers to her husband as *kurahus*, "old man."

58 Because of the services required on both sides, a young man would have little alternative but to marry a capable older woman, and a young

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159 go off and gather wild turnips, she went with some other old lady
574 from Bottomlands Village. Only if it were necessary once in a while,
592 would the three old ladies of the lodge go together to get a little wood for fuel.

[887] Old ladies were great ones for visiting one another and talking over old times—about when they were young and when they got married, prepared buffalo robes and many other such reminiscences. Whenever Blue Calico came back from a visit to her own village, she would come in with stories of what was going on there. "That man went hunting and didn't bring home anything," she would say, or, "He brought some game—a deer."

156 Contrary to a common conception of tribal life, the personal inter-
571 relationships of the Pawnee were not fixed within a kin mold. For ex-
602 ample, there was a marked difference in temperament between the two wives of Old Bull, Queen Woman, the senior one, and Clear Day, the younger of the two. Two factors combined to make the approach to Otter of these two women different. Through a relatively distant kin line, the older wife Queen Woman counted as a sister, *itahi*, to Otter and accordingly their relationship was formal. As noted above (page 36), Queen Woman's two little boys regarded Otter as a mother's brother, *tiwatciriks*, and he treated them as nephew, *tiwat*. Under these conditions, the kind of joking Otter was encouraged to carry on with Clear Day was not in order. On the other hand, Queen Woman had another role as wife of Old Bull and consequently "wife" to Otter. Two conflicting roles presented themselves and the sister role was chosen. The likelihood is that this was an adjustment to Queen Woman's conservative temperament which tipped the balance in favor of the more formal of the two possible kinship categories. When people used to marry almost exclusively within the village, the wife of an uncle or of a brother was bound to be some sort of relative to the younger boy. This was apparently conveniently forgotten or raised as the circumstances happened to warrant.

Neither personal relations nor the personnel of the household were cramped within a fixed kin structure. The individual personality was not trimmed down to fit the kin structure, but the structure was used to realize the individual personality. The Pawnee social structure was written into no statute book, nor did it have the status of doctrine, and there was no chain of command to enforce it. Therefore it was not frozen and clamped onto the people, but carried implicitly by them to serve them as they saw fit. No built-in guilt, acting as a surrogate for dominant power, forced them to narrow the scope of their personal lives. They were socially creative in every personal interrelationship they had. The
602 world was raw and their life was hard, but it was also freer than ours.
626 No religious or supernatural sanction enforced the social forms. The only

3.	*arisit kustiwu*	Of my own accord I will go (to you)
4.	*wirakukuwatu*	when I am lonesome.
5.	*hiru hira hai ira'*	(Sung syllables)

A woman sings:

1.	*ha ku ahaku* (repeat 3 times)	See! There he is sitting,
2.	*tisiratuustara* (ha i)	this is the one I did it with.

Another woman's song:

1.	*taku hiru kuu iia'*	Someone here I wish he were coming.
2.	*titaku hawa hiru kuu iia*	Right here again here I wish he were coming.

And finally, the nostalgia of a man:

1.	*atsiksu tatuuta*	My thoughts are
2.	*tihi rarux kusaaru*	upon the other bed.

Friendships among women were much more limited than among men, as there was little opportunity to form them. Women were closely confined to the home base from an early age and spent a great deal of their life there. While the boys were quite small, boys and girls played in groups in the village but when the boy was ten or twelve he began to go to pasture with the horses and thus separated himself from the girls who were more closely attached to their mothers at this time and were taking the first steps toward learning the techniques of planting and the household routines. Just before sundown, from each of the villages, people would be walking down different paths to the water about a mile away. This was an opportunity for meeting. Little girls when going for water would stop each other and talk. The first overtures in courtship were often made here. Once the girl was married at about fifteen, she no longer had time for her girl friends. The mature woman was so preoccupied with all the work she had to do that she had no time at all for such activities. Women addicted to gambling formed a group apart in a sense, but their association was not so much in the nature of friendship as a common "affliction." Old ladies were a little more free to develop "cronies." John B. Dunbar (1881, p. 740), missionary to the Tsawi Band 1835–1836 and 1846–1847, describes the Pawnee woman at work in the following words:

> They were given to assembling in little groups: while busily plying their tasks, their gossiping volubility found unrestrained freedom and was to all appearances inexhaustible. Their conversation was often quite interesting

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the altar there. Out of delicacy, she did not offer corn to the sacred ears in the bundle; if they had had buffalo meat she would have offered it there but not to the buffalo skull.

Now the meal began, and it was proper that they have light conversation while eating. Their conversation turned to getting water for the household and wood for fuel, the care of the horses, and the food pit. White Woman remarked to Clear Day, who was sitting on the other side of the fireplace, "After breakfast, let's take two kettles and get some water." The other women talked about opening up the food pit and sorting out the good corn from the rotten and about exposing dry meat to the wind and sun. Victory Call talked to Horse Rider, who was sitting at his left, about the horses. He said, "Right up near where the horses are you might find some mushrooms and milkweed so that the women can cook the tops." Then the women chimed in, "I wish you could get some milkweed. That's good mixed with corn." Then Victory Call spoke of the horses: "If there's a good runner among them, get on him and give him some exercise so that we can train him as a buffalo horse. You must look around meanwhile and see if you see some deer tracks. We might go hunting. In the evening take the horses to a safe hiding place and hobble them so that the Sioux won't steal them. Look way off in all directions and if you see anyone lurking about bring them right home and put them in the corral. They won't starve for one night. In the morning we'll turn them loose and they can make up for it." "All right, I'll look around," said Horse Rider, "I'll be home late." Victory Call had some further reminders for him. He asked him if he had any parched corn with salt so that the horses would get thirsty and drink. He also reminded him that he should wet the sides of the horses and then they would rub themselves on the grass and shed their old hair. This was a necessary precaution, as they had no curry comb. Horse Rider actually knew all this, but he listened respectfully.

The meal now over, White Woman cleaned up the dishes and started out with Clear Day to get the water. It was a mile to Beaver Creek, and it was necessary to go at least twice a day to get water for the household. Horse Rider usually helped by making at least one of these trips. The two women now set out with two buckets hanging on a seven-foot-long stick which rested on their right shoulders, one woman walking in front and one behind, with the buckets between. The stick, ordinarily used as a digging iron, had one end fire-hardened and sharpened to a point, the other end being forked. At this time after breakfast and especially just before eating supper, many people were walking toward the creek for the same purpose.

Horse Rider left the lodge to take care of the horses, and Old Bull and Victory Call remained seated in their place, smoking their pipe and continuing their conversation. The old ladies who were left behind looked

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512 462 • 887 around their stores to see what they might contribute to the family larder. When the women got back with the water they would say, "Daughter, I want you to cook this." If they were going to have mush for their next meal, the old lady might busy herself pounding the corn in the mortar. Or the old women would go out and look for a little kindling wood.

313 484 623 [726] Now a messenger arrived from Eagle Chief, asking Old Bull and Victory Call to come to a chiefs' council at Eagle Chief's house. They were to plan a mass expedition to get wood in order to store up a plentiful supply of fuel. With the heavy demand upon the wood supply in the immediate neighborhood of the villages, they had to go five miles or more to get any appreciable quantities; for this they had to plan their itinerary and provide military protection against the constantly lurking enemy. The messenger stated: "I've come for the two of you to invite you to to Eagle Chief's house. Take your bowl and spoon with you when you go" (indicating that there would be a feast). Both men got up and set out at once for Eagle Chief's house. By eleven o'clock all the chiefs had gathered there.

512 252 262 [232] [415] The men would be gone until evening, and the women began the household routines at home. When the two women got back from Beaver Creek with the water, they cooked a casual lunch of scraps of dried buffalo meat that they kept in a buffalo paunch bag for the purpose. They made some soup with parched corn and a little salt.

512 251 356 [192] The main business of the women of the household that day was to give the food pit a good cleaning—to remove the large skin bags containing the dried corn and other supplies, examine all the seeds for bad ones and for worms, sweep the thatch-covered walls of the pit, clear off the mold, and take out three weeks' supply of dried foods so that they could keep the pit closed for a while to reduce the danger of rain water leaking in; besides, they liked to let the ground settle down so that the location of the pit would be concealed from lurking enemies. The Pawnee name for food pit, *tahaksu*, means hidden, concealed, or covered up. The women all knew that they were pressed for time as the entire job had to be completed between lunchtime and sundown, since the pit could not be left open for the night. While lunch preparations were under way, one of the old women remarked to the other, "Since it is such a nice day, let's make a start by opening up the pit and letting out the moldy, musty air. Then we can go on after lunch."

Having eaten their meal, the two old women came out again directly and spread a skin on the ground, dipping the dried corn out of the large skin sacks with a pan or bowl and spreading it out to dry. All the corn had to be removed and examined and the walls cleaned thoroughly—moldy spots in the grass lining being rubbed off and thrown away. Sometimes they were lucky enough to find that none of the corn had spoiled at all. [476] After the lunch dishes were cleaned, the other women joined the old la-

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The following is a simplified translation of an old Pawnee woman's statement of her experience of planting when she was a little girl in Nebraska, and a more exact statement of the old man's speech: 887 521 539

An old man sitting on top of the earth lodge would be talking to the women at the time when they were going into the fields. He would say, "Now dear ladies, now you are disfiguring your bodies (getting them all muddy). Heaven has placed the wonderful bow and arrows in your hands. Heaven made it for you to be wonderful. You are wonderful! You repeatedly keep 'swelling me up.' When you put the corn in and it comes peeping out, that's what you fatten me with, my dear ladies."

Then we women began to cut the grass, that is, clear the field. And when I was not yet mature, they would get me up early in the morning while it was still dark, and we two, my mother and I, would be in her field. She would have some porridge there for me. When mother was planting, oh, the corn mound would be big! Then she would dig a hole in the top and place inside the mound, seven seeds—not bunched together, but separately spaced. Then she covered it over with earth and the mound would be smooth. [241]

One of the only common instances of group planting was "planting for the daughter-in-law." The women relatives of the newly married groom would plant, cultivate, and harvest the bride's first crop. As many as twenty-five women would be gathered in her field and they would go to her house and get her seeds and line up in the field ready to plant. The field, about "half a block" long was hoed and planted by the women more or less in unison while two old women sat at the far end singing a song from one of the sacred bundle ceremonies: 241 476 602 [533] [539]

You are just hoeing around,
Big ground, lucky ground.

They were ranged in rows and while the women sang they made the mounds. Then they put in the seeds and then they all went to the home of the daughter-in-law where they were entertained at a feast of corn and dried buffalo meat. They repeated this performance when the corn sprouted, when they cultivated the field, and again at harvest. [574]

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628 623 203 *224 Just as the meeting was drawing to a close, as in all chiefs' meetings, an old man would climb up onto the roof of the lodge and cry out to the village what had been decided. In this case he did so early next morning. His wording was in a precise telegraphic style so that it could be clearly understood by everyone. He said:

> This was what was decided in the chiefs' meeting. White Eagle decided we are going to hunt in four days. Anything you have to do, get finished in that time. On the fifth day, we'll go out of the village. We'll camp on the other (south) side of the Loup River (*its-kari*, "potatoes-many").
>
> We'll camp there a whole day so that any of you that aren't quite through can join us any time that day and up to the evening of the sixth day. On the seventh day we are going to be moving upstream (westward).

The old man, having completed his announcement, went back into his lodge.

*224 887 537 [789] Toward evening any old man who felt impelled might get up onto the roof of his house and talk to the people. He would say whatever was on his mind—about events in the past and their lessons for the future, or any other matters that seemed pertinent. Reviewing past events that were successful was considered a kind of sympathetic magic as well as of practical value. At this time the old man might talk about the fields and of how they were in the past. "All that," he would conclude "is in the past. But today we may have the same luck." Then he would continue in a different vein: "Try to help one another and take care of the children. The little ones like to swim and one must watch that they don't drown. I hope we come home well and find everything in good order."

*224 525 Such an old man was likely to speak gently and phrase his thoughts diplomatically and people listened carefully and thought about what he said. However, at the gambling grounds the gamblers had other matters on their minds. They were thinking about the good places they would come to along the way that were nice and smooth, with good buffalo grass growing on them—such a fine playing field for the hoop and pole game. They would discuss the different sites they were going to camp at where these would be found and agree between them that one would take along one stick and one the other so that they would have the equipment they needed for playing. For the inveterate gambler, this subject was always uppermost in his mind.

*224 276 756 Other men were thinking about how to get enough smoking tobacco to fill their needs, and the doctors were occupied with the herbs and medicines they would need to take along that were available only in this area. The tobacco was needed for ritual as well as for social purposes.

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*224 roasted in the husks. The kernels were then cut from the cob with a clam-
251 shell and dried. Corn prepared in this way, known as *rawaritu*, "roasted,"
252 required little soaking and could be boiled in an hour. When the camp was moving along quickly, this was the corn they depended on for the
[243] basic staple. While some of the corn crop was thus gathered early when it was "in the milk," the rest of the crop was allowed to mature and dry on the stalk, *rikis-tahis*, "corn-dry." After the cobs were snapped off the stalk and carried in, the kernels were pried off with a pointed stick. Any of the nine varieties might be treated in either way, but the blue flour corn was particularly favored for maturing on the stalk to be processed as dry corn. Dry corn took considerably longer to prepare than roasted. It had to be soaked for some time before it could be boiled, and they used it when they stayed over at a place, arrived early, or stayed at camp late one morning. Although it took longer to prepare, this kind of corn was heavier and more satisfying. The sticky, yellow sweet corn pounded with sugar was taken along as a kind of sweet meat or served when they
• [887] had no time at all to cook a meal. This was most commonly prepared by the old ladies who had more time to pound things in the mortar. Thin sheets of dry buffalo meat were also pounded in the mortar with a little fat and served as an alternative uncooked meal. Old women who sometimes started very early and went ahead of the line carried these foods in a skin bag as rations. Dried spotted corn was particularly preferred for parching, to be eaten like popcorn or with soup. In addition, they took along several varieties of dried beans to be boiled with the corn and some dried pumpkin and buffalo intestine for the same purpose, in order to add
*224 a variety of flavors. Dried buffalo meat from the previous winter hunt
25 was also included. Each of these foods was separately packed in a
415 tanned skin bag with a piece of skin on top to cover the opening and

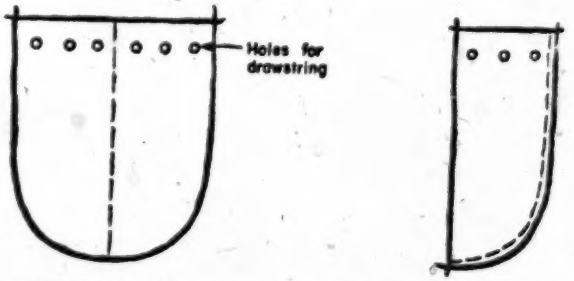

FIGURE 16-1. The small sack, *asa-karusu*, "dog-sack." Slightly larger than our 50-pound flour sack, it is used for carrying pounded-up sweet corn, dried pieces of meat, scraps, and so forth.

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19

COMMON CAMPING ROUTINES

000

Description of Camping Routines—Starting the Day—Breakfast—Loading the Horses—Striking the Tent—the Camp Crier—Entertainment

*484
512
[887]

THE ROUTINE OF CAMPING and decamping followed the same pattern throughout the summer. Advance scouts left the encampment about four in the morning to survey the route and to protect the old women who preceded the line of march in order to be sure to keep up with the group. As dawn was breaking, everyone had had breakfast and was under way. The families of the chiefs got up earliest in order to lead the line of march.

In Victory Call's camp, Grandma got up before anyone else—she made a low fire and put the bucket of corn to warm up on the glowing embers. Then she brought in an armful of wood and put it down next to the fireplace and went to the creek to get a bucket of water.

Now Horse Rider would begin to grunt and growl and say, "It's morning now," so that everyone would get up. The horses were hobbled and picketed around the encampment; he got into his moccasins, picked up his lariat, and went off to tend to them. He watered them since he wouldn't have a chance after breakfast, bringing them close to the tent and hobbling them there so that they would be ready for loading.

By the time the old lady was coming with the bucket of water, White Woman had gotten up, washed her hands and face, and begun to prepare breakfast.

[821]
[515]

Now Victory Call arose, went out, and looked at the sky to see if there were clouds far out over the hills. He came in and took a little basin of water and washed his hands and face, drying them on the hairy part of a buffalo robe—the leg and arm parts, and then shaking off the water. Some men went to the creek to wash, gargled with some water, and blew it out. While doing this, one had to face west toward the Evening

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this area now, north of the Republican, they were in Pawnee territory and were less concerned about danger of attack. As the South Bands had their villages to the east of the Skidi on Beaver Creek, they moved ahead while the Skidi lagged behind. They ate mainly dried buffalo meat at this time and a little parched corn in soup. If anyone happened to have any roasted corn kernels on hand, they boiled them and ate them, but most people had used up their supply by now. The old women were always busy when they stopped, pulverizing dried buffalo meat in the mortar with a pestle. They made a flat package, *tsat-katus*, "package-flat," of tanned hide (see Figure 30-1) and filled it up with the pounded-up dried meat. The package could be carried on the back with a strap that ran across the chest. It was 2 feet long by 1½ feet wide, and was often carried on their backs by the old women. It was a good trade item. Sometimes they also included some dried meat. Both kinds could be eaten without cooking as they were already thoroughly cured. One could simply break off a piece of the dried meat and eat it.

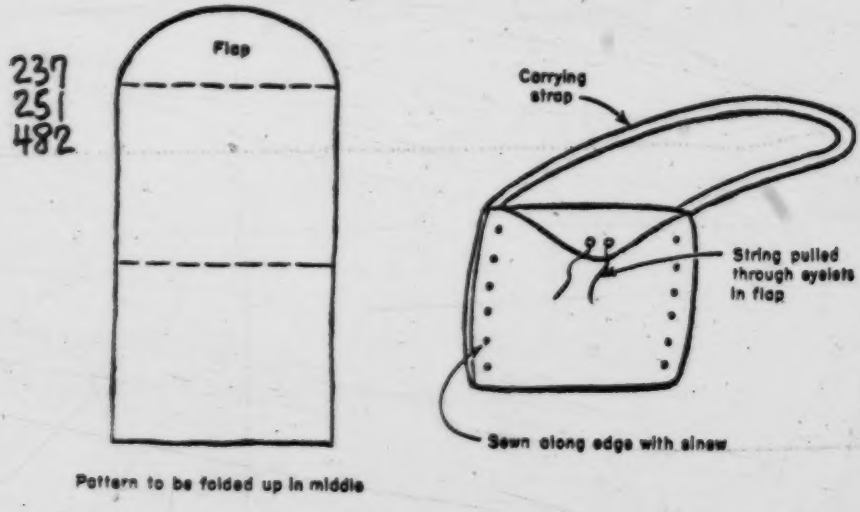

FIGURE 30-1. The pattern of a skin knapsack, *tsat-katus*, "package-flat."

Some old women made a *hu-tsaku*, "water-package," of half a buffalo bull hide made into rawhide, with sticks fastened underneath and the baggage wrapped inside envelope-fashion, to be floated across a swollen stream. Most of the women were busy tanning buffalo robes and scraping hides all the way home.

Some young men were saying that when they got to the Platte River they would set out on the warpath. There were plenty of Sioux around

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considerable quantities of dried corn, vegetables, meat, and some skins and clothing, and they took out some of the dried corn and beans for current use, until the green corn would be ready.

As soon as the encampment was set up, Grandma had a visit from Old-Lady-Grieves-the-Enemy who was camping way over east with the Village-in-the-Bottomlands group where she had been all summer with her son. She came to talk to Grandma about going up to the cache pit the next morning, cleaning it up and getting out a few supplies. Old-Lady-Blue-Calico who was the grandmother in Old Bull's family that occupied the south side of the earth lodge, also came with a similar proposal and early next morning the three old ladies went up there and got to work. White Woman and No Corn said they would join them later after they had finished the household chores in order to get a few supplies of dried corn and pumpkin.

When they first opened the pit, the air smelled moldy and they had to let it air a bit before anyone could enter. Then they put down a tree ladder, and Old-Lady-Grieves-the-Enemy, who was the tallest, went into the pit to look things over. The ladder was a tree trunk with stubs of branches left on for a foothold and two extra notches at the bottom. The pit was 10 feet deep. The moldy smell might have come from the thatch grass that lined the pit or from the actual supplies. When she got down inside, the old lady discovered a moldy place in the grass which she proceeded to rub off with a broom and throw out of the pit. The women had each brought along a small sack, *ritsakusu*, in which to carry home their supplies. This was about 8 inches high and a foot in diameter when full (compare with sack carried on the hunt, *asakarusu*, 3 feet high and 1½ feet diameter when full). In the pit each woman had a very large sack of tanned hide in which her provisions were stored, and each one asked Grieves-the-Enemy to dip out some from her store into the small sack. No Corn who had arrived with White Woman by this time, asked for some green roasted corn kernels (*rawaritu*) and a half a checker-plaited pumpkin mat. White Woman asked for the same. Grandma reminded them that they shouldn't take too much at this time, as they would very soon have fresh roasted green corn from their current crop. Since the other women in the household had taken roasted corn, Grandma asked for a different kind—mature dried blue flour corn, *uraazkatit*, that she could pound up and make into mush with buffalo soup, *u-tarahe* "mush-buffalo." She also asked for dried sweet corn, the rather sticky yellow variety, *rikis-karus*, "corn-sweet," that she intended to pound up in the mortar with sugar which could then be eaten without further preparation.

The younger women carried their supplies back to camp and the three older women lingered a while to close up the pit securely and to talk over their plans. They had decided that each of the old women would stay in her own field and completely process her crop there.

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stay in her own field and completely process her crop there. The younger women whose husbands had horses for transportation would often go out together with another couple and bring the crop back to camp, where they would do the processing in a coordinated group. Victory Call and White Woman along with Horse Rider and No Corn formed such a work group, first in White Woman's fields and then in those of No Corn, carrying the crops into camp on their horses. The old lady sat in her field all day and brought the finished product back to camp when it was completely prepared for storage. Families with only one horse or with no horses also processed the entire crop in the field before packing it into camp.

While the women were at the food pit, the men had been out piling wood in the fields and in camp so that it would be ready for roasting the green corn. They preferred to get dead willows and driftwood; Horse Rider was at the creek piling up the driftwood while Victory Call was bringing the willows into the camp. Some men would say, "I don't care —that's women's work," but a good man would help his wife.

At this time of year they gathered a plant, *parus-asu*, "rabbit-foot," used for making a brown tea that they drank if they didn't happen to have coffee (*Lespedeza Capitata* Michx.) At the top in a cluster are some fruits looking like tiny rabbit feet. The plant grew on a bush about 3 feet high. They brewed the tea by breaking up the dry twig with the leaves on and steeping it in a coffee pot. Now everything was ready for harvesting and roasting the green corn.

Very early next morning Grandma went out to her field and there prepared a place for her work She built herself an ample shade, *kipasiu*, of willows—a circular enclosure, open at the top with an entrance at the east. The leaves were a bit interlaced to make the fencing solid, the side branches beginning about a foot from the ground. When she left for the night, she put a willow sapling with leaves at the top in the doorway so that the shelter was closed in and well protected from horses. People who did not work in the field sometimes built themselves a more temporary shelter by arranging four or five willows in an arc. In her enclosure Grandma roasted all her corn and would leave it overnight in bags to be husked there next day and the kernels removed before bringing it to camp. During the harvest she cooked all her meals there. She left before breakfast and ate whenever it was convenient. She had a kettle along and a small mortar and pestle for preparing her meals. She would pound some of the fresh corn kernels from the roasted cobs and wrap them in corn husks, putting them in the boiling water to make dumplings. After she removed the dumplings she would add some dried meat scraps that had been scraped from the hide at the hunting grounds, *kstasi'u*, to make a good soup. Sometimes she took her grandson, Otter, into the field and shared her meals with him.

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512 173 243 people went on the hunt and still the corn lay there. A man going through the village heard someone talking. He thought there must be another man in the village. But he followed along to where the voice was coming from and got to the sweepings. There lay the good ear of corn. He stopped and picked it up and began to talk to it. He asked it to bless him and send him good luck for this corn is our Mother. He kept that ear of corn. That's how it was in the old days. Now since you've been wasting, the corn will become scarce."

512 243 251 252 That evening they husked the dry corn and continued next day until about two in the afternoon. Then it was left spread out to dry on the cob until evening and pried off after supper with a stick. Some men joined them and helped and after the women had gone to bed they continued to pry off the kernels, telling stories while they worked until late in the evening. The next day the shelling of the dry corn continued and that afternoon the men just wandered about the camp for a little recreation. Horse Rider had gone down to the grounds to watch the gambling. The women were tired and lay down to rest; their hands felt cramped from prying off the kernels.

[285] After they had collected the dry corn from No Corn's field, the women alternated work on it with making pumpkin mats as the strips were now dry enough. Then they proceeded to get the small nubbin ears for fattening the horses and collecting the sweet corn and braiding it to finish off the work.

356 887 While they were doing the pumpkins, the old ladies had already made a plan to go up and begin the process of clearing the earth lodge in anticipation of the time when the harvest was done. They had to go up at intervals of four days successively and burn out the fleas with torches. "These fleas bite worse than bedbugs!"

The three old ladies met at the lodge in the morning as planned. They removed the brush that had been placed across the door to seal it before they left on the hunt. They took off their clothes and put on an old petticoat. They made a brush or short broom of dry *pakuts* (thatch) grass and tied it to a stick. Then each woman took her brush inside the lodge and lit the grass, each one going around one side of the room and being careful to stay near the floor as the dry grass in the roof thatch might catch fire. When the grass was burned up on their broom, they put some more grass on it and repeated the process throughout the day. They repeated this four days later, and then on subsequent days.

[824] They built a little fire in the fireplace and burnt some wild sage, kiwaut, (*Artemisia gnaphaloides* Nutt.) as incense to clear the air and make the room smell good. They would also burn some of the sage on their brooms along with the other grass. After the final smoking, they left the lodge empty for a day and on the following evening the lodge was quite habitable.

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quite habitable. Each of the old ladies brought in her dried corn and put it on her side of the lodge. They slept over and talked that night about the events of the past summer. They had a good deal to tell one another.

Grandma began: "The first time we got buffalo, we had two, and my, I was slicing away to make the dry meat and White Woman was busy at the drying rack. Then we made bone grease. We had a hard time getting the flesh we scraped off the hides to dry." Grieves-the-Enemy commented: "I went out and got lots of intestines from the men after the kill." Grandma said, "I never got a chance to get out there, but Horse Rider brought in plenty of entrails. When we were south across the Republican, three of us old ladies found some wonderful turnips. Oh, I wish we had them now! We were shouting to each other, 'Here are some!' and everyone said the officers should have punished us for yelling like that (the buffalo might have been frightened), but they finally decided to let us alone to have our good time." They talked about how they would get Indian potatoes after they were well settled and what else they might do then. Old-Lady-Blue Calico then talked of her hunt experiences: "Oh my, we didn't get a chance to eat ribs very much. My very public-spirited son-in-law, Old Bull thought he should give White Eagle his support so that nearly every day that they got buffalo, he would leave the ribs at the council tent and sometimes the backbone steak too. Once in a while Old Bull brought home two or three ribs from the feast for the family to eat. My daughter Clear Day and I made dry meat. Queen Woman, who isn't too strong, we gave the job of hanging up the slices to dry and turning them over. Clear Day had to wash the paunch after she sliced the meat. I tried to make bone grease, but I barely got it made. It was too hot." Grandma now chimed in with, "I have mine all right. I made it the first night we got to the Republican River. Horse Rider brought in the bones." "My, that woman knows how to do everything," Blue-Calico remarked. They might sit up most of the night talking until they got too sleepy. In the morning they came down to the camp and joined the family for breakfast. Even before the family finally moved in, they took the corn and beans up there to protect them from rain. They were not worried about stealing as everyone had plenty of the same kind of supplies at this time.

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46

A TIME FOR STORYTELLING AND FOR LEISURE

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Old Men Invited to Talk of Old Times—the Storytelling Sessions—after Eating, the Stories—Eagle Chief Begins—War Cry Tells of a Fight with the Sioux—Storytelling Continues through the Night

517 THE SERIOUS BUSINESS of the season being over, the men would get together in one or another of the earth lodges to tell stories of the old times and to review past events. They had worked hard hunting the buffalo, making the harvest and performing their dances, and now it would be pleasant to sit around the fire and enjoy a little leisure before they set out again for the buffalo hunting grounds.

517 887 574 538 Old men especially are invited for they are going to talk of the Old Village, Kitahaxpakuxtu, and how things used to be and came to be. In the fall was the good time of year to be telling these stories when it's not too cold and not too hot, but just nice to have a fire—after the harvest. When people hear who is invited—old men, chiefs, warriors—they know there is going to be storytelling. These sessions would begin after supper about eight o'clock in the evening and continue on throughout the night. Refreshments would be served from time to time consisting of fried bread, cooked dried apples and coffee. The smell of the bread cooking would be wafted over the village if there was a wind blowing and someone would just follow his nose and come in. Or else he could see the smoke of the fire and would come in. As soon as he got inside they would all say, "Nawa, sit down on any side." The chiefs were ranged at the west, and on the east along both sides

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sat the old men. Casual guests sat in the spaces in between. People from the other villages would also hear about it and wander in. Sometimes quite a large group would be gathered there.

Once Victory Call served as temporary Agency policeman and when he got an extra sack of flour for his services, he decided to have a story-telling session in his lodge. He sent Horse Rider especially to invite a number of old men: Pipe Offering, That-Chief, Heavy Trophies, Arrived, Warrior (also known as Big Knife, a name also used to refer to white people—a lively raconteur), Know-His-Face, Good-Land, Wonderful Old Buffalo Bull, and Buffalo Ghost—nine in all. Then he was sent to call in some chiefs—Lone Chief of Village-across-a-Ridge and Eagle Chief of Pumpkin-Vine as well as Sitting Hawk and Good Pipe—and braves—War Cry and Bringing Horses. From Bottomlands and Wolf-in-Water villages they would wander in without being invited, knowing what sort of group it was to be. While White Woman was doing the cooking, the old men were telling each other how many different places were calling them in to tell stories. The women would say, "We're through cooking," and put the bread and coffee near Victory Call a little off to his right. Now all the women retired to their beds, and as they lay there they would hear the stories.

Victory Call addressed his guests by name and kin term and said, "We have a little something here for you to eat. I thought I'd invite you here tonight so that I could see you here. Now this meeting is called simply because I want you folks to tell some old-time stories." All said, "Nawa," and Victory Call then turned over the meeting to Lone Chief and Eagle Chief who directed the proceedings from then on. They directed the two errand men to serve the food and by the time they had finished eating it was ten o'clock.

Now Eagle Chief spoke, urging Old Man Warrior to begin. But Old Man Warrior parried his suggestion with, "We old men here know how things should be done and the custom is that the leader has to tell the first story. Isn't that right, That-Chief?" "That's right," said That-Chief, "the leader has to tell the story first." "Well," said Eagle Chief laughing, "I thought I could get you to do it, but I guess I'll have to." "You start it out and we'll follow," said the old men.

When Eagle Chief began, he opened with a discussion of what sort of a story it ought to be, a long or a short one. "I have stories, but if I tell a war story, it will be a pretty long one. If I tell a story of the Sioux coming on the warpath to attack the village, it will be sort of a short one. If I tell of my trip to Washington, it will be of medium length." The old men were thinking they would rather have old-time stories so that they could reminisce about the past, but someone finally spoke up in favor

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517 of a short story and said, "Let's hear stories about 'at home' [the Sioux
887 attacking the village]. After a while we'll get away from the village and
574 on the warpath." It was now understood that he would tell a story of at-
538 tack on the village and that he would be followed by a story on the same theme by his brave, War Cry, after which the old men would begin. In both stories, the enemy was repulsed, not by main force alone, but by the power of the Peace Pipe, which is "beloved of Heaven."

539 "Now I'll tell a story," said Eagle Chief. "Now you all know when
721 you first took me as a chief and when I was going to Washington, on
[648] the morning of the day that was set for us to go, I was all dressed up. I was wearing my government coat, and of course, my leggings and moccasins. I was wearing my government medal. Finally the delegation left the village and when we got about five miles east, all at once one of the men in the back said, 'Look back at the village. There must be a warpath coming!' We could see everyone standing on top of the earth lodges. 'Well boys,' I said, 'let's go back.' The Kitkehaxkis, Tsawis, Pitahawiratas and us Skidis all went back to our villages." As he told the story the old men sat smoking and they said, "That's the time. That's it."

"Well when I came to my earth lodge, I looked at my wives there and said, 'Dear wives, maybe Heaven doesn't want me to see the great government.' At the same time my horse was way out there and I had to get to it to go on the warpath. All I took was my bow and arrows. I walked over to the sacred bundle and there on top were the Pipe Dance sticks. I took the one with the black eagle feathers (the male pipestem). That was all I took with me. I said to my wives, 'Now if it's the will of Heaven, I'll come back. If not, I won't. I may not come back.' It was because I had heard old people say that Heaven loves these pipes, that I took it with me.

"I got on the horse and went to where the fighting was going on. 'Well, this is my last day,' I thought to myself. Because the pipestem has two soft feathers on it and I didn't want them to touch my horse, I raised it up out of the way. I rode right through where the Sioux were and to the fighting line. I arrived at the front line with a Sioux close on one side of me, one on the other side and one directly in front. When I arrived at the front line, the Sioux turned back their horses and started to flee. There I was facing the whole line of Sioux, holding my pipe up like this. As the retreating line was going, you could see the dust. But I still had my original Sioux escorts. Wedged in between them, they didn't dare to try and shoot me with their bow and arrow as they were likely to shoot each other in the attempt. I raised this pipe and hit the one that was riding in front of me right on the back of his head. I reined in my horse and they rode ahead. We had ridden way

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526 [773] ers played the field once toward the north and once toward the south and then two other players got up and played their round.

The paraphernalia of *the mature men* differed from that of the youths in the size of the ring and in the complexity of the spear. The ring of the youths was about 8 inches in diameter, probably built on a wooden hoop wrapped in buckskin, while the mature men used a very small hoop, 4 inches in diameter, with strips of rawhide as a base, wrapped around with the buckskin string. The mature men's wheel was called, *ks-tats-awi-katus*, "hand-down-hanging-flat." The spear was about 5½ feet long. The pole was completely wound around with a strip of buckskin and at the hand end there was a large hook completely wrapped around with the same material. The shaft was slightly tapered from the hand end to the point. About three-eighths of the length in from the point the shaft was somewhat flattened and a cross piece was lashed onto it with a small hook fastened on top in the lashings. A similar cross piece with hook was fastened about one-eighth way in from the point end. It was with these small hooks that they aimed to catch onto the hoop or else with the ends of the cross pieces. The shaft used by the youths was plain wood with a knob on the end to represent the bison penis. At the hand end were fastened two hooks wrapped around with buckskin.

526 • 887 There was a game *played by old men* with a very large hoop (possibly 25 inches in diameter) with no spear. The hoop itself was rolled and aimed at one of the players of the opposing side as a kind of tag. The players lined up along both sides of the grounds and when the player had rolled the wheel and it struck one of the men standing on the opposing side to his, the man who was hit would spread his blanket and begin to run, while the other man pursued him. If he stumbled and tripped on his blanket, he would be caught and would then have to roll the hoop and try to tag a man of the other side. If the pursuer stumbled, he would have to roll the hoop again. The special play of the game was called *kiskirtu'*.

526 821 [805] The wheel itself was called ***ka-huraru***, literally, inside-land or "land of inside" which in Pawnee referred to the universe. The circumference of the wheel represented the horizon and it was marked off into twelve sections with bunches of feathers that were fastened on at equal intervals. Each section represented a thirty-day lunar month of the twelve-month year. The four seasons of the year were marked off on the hoop by different colors for each quarter-arc. The winter quarter was white, the spring quarter light green, the summer quarter darker green, and the autumn, reddish-yellow. The universe was conceived as having a flat base and rotating around the motionless earth, the progression of the seasons resulting from this rotation. This had been inferred from the fact that the stars and the planets appear to have changed their positions with the seasons. Across the diameter was stretched a string of buckskin or sinew

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with a white bead in the middle. The string represented the Milky Way and the bead the earth. Certain men liked to play this game when they came in from buffalo hunting and each could make his own wheel. No gambling accompanied this game. 526 821 [525]

The large wheel took about two days to make. The hoop was made of a bent sapling, the ends being crossed over for a short distance where they joined. The buckskin thong was fastened from this joining to the opposite side of the diameter to represent the Milky Way with the white bead in the middle for the earth. A wrapping of otter fur was wrapped around the joining of the hoop and at the opposite side and also marking off the boundaries of the other two quarter-arcs. Twenty-four feathers and bunches of feathers were tied with thongs at equidistant intervals around the circumference, twelve on each half. Each sector carried one of the regular moon or month names. The men also made a water drum of a hollow cottonwood log. 526 230 [322] [534]

The most popular game of the women was a game in which a series of marked dice made of plum seeds were tossed up in a shallow coiled basket made of willow. This too had cosmic significance, for the basket represented the container ordained by Heaven during the creation to carry the earth from which the world was created and contained the germs of life. In the spring time during the ground-breaking ceremony immediately preceding the planting known as *awari*, "vigorous movement" or "living," two coiled baskets were used that had been especially made by the wife or sister of the minister under his direction. The women moved the baskets gently back and forth through the air in the course of the ceremony. At the creation, Heaven caused this basket to move of itself through space. 524 773 415

There were only eight or ten women among all the Skidi Band who knew how to make these coiled gambling baskets. They were made of willow twigs, and a woman who wanted one made consulted with the craftswoman who told her what kind of willow twigs to get in such and such a condition at the edge of the creek. The making took from two or three days and the woman received the usual combination of something to wear and something to eat for her services—five yards of calico and some corn, or half an intestine mat and skin cut out and ready to be sewn into moccasins. The old ladies who made these baskets were usually the ones who liked to gamble. Some women expressed scruples about learning to make them as they felt they would be encouraging gambling. There were a number of inveterate gamblers among the women, and the betting was heavy. Others managed to keep their gaming to a casual pastime. The woman who made the basket was usually asked to make the plum seed dice although any woman could make them. She was asked to rub them and to hope that her customer had good luck. 525 285 463 [461] [465] 525 [887]

When the woman had gathered the willow twigs, she took them to the 525 285